

# AUGUSTA HISTORICAL BULLETIN



Published by the  
AUGUSTA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Volume 11

Fall 1975

Number 2

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Founded 1964

Post Office Box 686

Staunton, Virginia 24401



Volume 11

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450 Copies printed by  
McCLURE PRINTING COMPANY, INC.  
Verona, Virginia

Dues are payable January 1 of each year. Any membership not paid by May 1 will be dropped as of that date.

Copies of this issue to all members

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MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY, 1975	
IN MEMORIAM	

A purpose of the Augusta County Historical Society is to publish *Augusta Historical Bulletin* to be sent without charge to all members. Single issues are available at \$3.00 per copy.

The membership of the society is composed of annual and life members who pay the following dues:

Annual (individual) .....	\$7.00
Annual (family) .....	\$10.00
Annual (sustaining) .....	\$25.00
Life Membership .....	\$125.00
Annual (Institutional) .....	\$10.00
Contributing—Any amount	

## IN MEMORIAM — HARRY L. NASH 1912 - 1975

By Joseph B. Yount III

Mr. Harry L. Nash, whose remarkable record of achievement in Shenandoah Valley contemporary affairs was earned through worthwhile, selfless service in a wide spectrum of activities, died unexpectedly at his home in Waynesboro on August 23, 1975.

Important among his accomplishments were his sustaining efforts on behalf of the Augusta County Historical Society, which he served in various important ways from the days of its inception. He was the society's charter vice president, and as its president from 1965 to 1966, he worked to expand the organization's membership and influence and conducted the affairs of his office with imagination and enthusiasm.

Subsequently, when his colleagues manned the society's helm, he continued to support the programs and promote the effectiveness of the organization by every means at his disposal. With characteristic willingness to translate his interest into action, he accepted election to the office of assistant archivist at last May's annual meeting of the society and had embarked with vigor on the challenging and time-consuming work of that important position at the time of his death.

It was a role infinitely compatible with his long-time avocation of historian, and his passing at a time when he was preparing to embark on writing his long-researched history of Waynesboro leaves a significant void in the annals of the county, as all who have received his patient, generous assistance on problems of local history and thereby witnessed the breadth of his knowledge of the field will readily avow.

As managing editor of the *News-Virginian* and subsequently business manager and president of Fairfax Hall School for Girls, Mr. Nash had lived in Waynesboro since 1936, and few important areas of civic endeavor were not beneficially influenced by his dedicated efforts.

He was a member of the board of Woodrow Wilson Birthplace Foundation, past president and board member of the Shenandoah Valley Travel Association, former member of the Waynesboro-East Augusta Chamber of Commerce, a past president of

the Waynesboro Kiwanis Club and former lieutenant governor of the Fifth Division of the Capital District, and past president and former trustee of the Waynesboro Community Hospital.

Mr. Nash was a member of St. John's Episcopal Church in Waynesboro, a past senior warden, vestryman, and a representative to the diocesan board.

He was a member of the Waynesboro Roundtable Club, the American Legion, Sigma Delta Chi and Lambda Chi Alpha, the Waynesboro Rotary Club, and numerous professional educational associations and horticultural groups.

He served in the U. S. Navy during World War II in the Pacific Theater and received an honorable discharge with the rank of lieutenant.

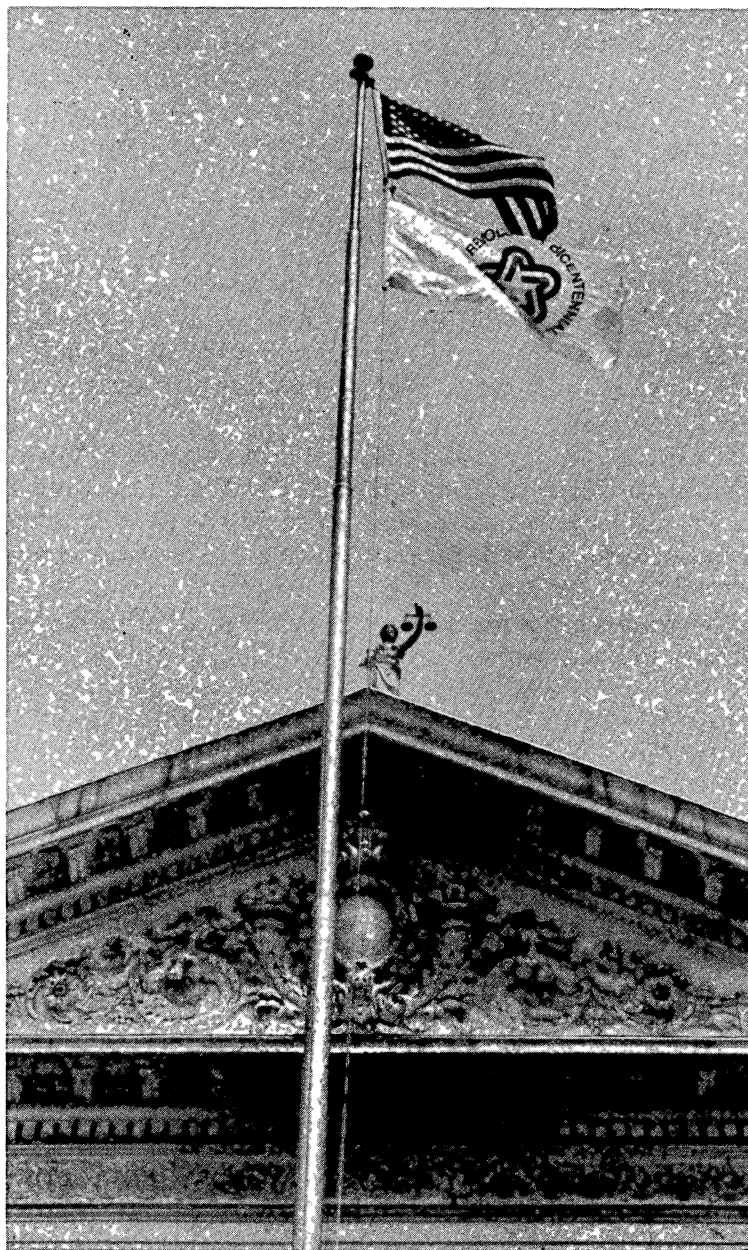
Mr. Nash was born May 25, 1912, in Hanover County, Virginia, a son of the late Harry Lee and Maybelle Holman Nash. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Anna M. Nash; one daughter, Mrs. Colin G. Campbell; one son, Harry L. Nash III; and eight grandchildren.

The Augusta County Historical Society mourns the death of this friend and benefactor.



Harry L. Nash





Bicentennial Flag, Augusta County Courthouse  
(Photo by David L. Bushman)

## BICENTENNIAL FLAG FLIES AT AUGUSTA COUNTY COURTHOUSE

On May 27, 1975, the Bicentennial flag was raised at the courthouse of Augusta County, Virginia. Accompanied by music of the Stonewall Brigade Band, a large crowd applauded both the flag-raising and the ceremony which preceded it in the courtroom. Members of the Augusta County Bicentennial Commission held an impressive ceremony which will long be remembered by all those present. Presided over by Ronald Bishop, chairman of the commission, (Beverley Manor District) and with able assistance of William Patterson (Middle River District), Mrs. Grace Ramsey (Pastures District), Mrs. Carl A. Van Lear (North River District), Mrs. Charles Crummett (South River District), Mrs. Bobby Nelson Cline (Riverheads District), and Mrs. N. J. Bott (Wayne District), the flag was presented by The Honorable M. Caldwell Butler, Representative of the 6th District to the Congress of the United States, to C. Kenneth Landes, Chairman of the Augusta County Board of Supervisors. Flag bearer was Jason Cameron Bishop. Certificate bearer was Amber Anne Nolen. Preceding the flag raising on the lawn of the courthouse, speakers paid tribute to Augusta County in the courtroom. The Honorable M. Caldwell Butler noted that Augusta County has become the ninth Bicentennial locality in the Sixth District. Mrs. W. T. Francisco, Regent of Colonel Thomas Hughart Chapter, DAR, gave a verbal guided tour of landmarks of Augusta County. Mrs. William Bushman, President of the Augusta County Historical Society, gave a brief history of Augusta County and conditions and events during 1775 in the county. By request, her remarks are being reprinted in the Augusta Historical Bulletin.

The invocation was given by the Rev. Mr. John R. Stanley, minister of Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church. The benediction was given by The Rev. Dr. James R. Kennedy, minister of Augusta Stone Presbyterian Church.

## AUGUSTA COUNTY, VIRGINIA IN 1775

By Mrs. William Bushman

"... when a civilization perishes, one condition may always be found. They forgot where they came from. They lost sight of

what brought them along. The hard beginnings were forgotten. . . . They became satisfied with themselves. Unity and common understanding there had been, enough to overcome rot and dissolution, enough to break through their obstacles, but the mockers came. And the deniers were heard. And vision and hope faded . . . men whose forefathers would go anywhere, holding nothing impossible in the genius of man, joined the mockers and deniers. They forgot where they came from. They lost sight of what brought them along." Carl Sandburg, the noted American poet and historian wrote the words just quoted. I use them on this occasion to point up the need for us, as citizens of Augusta County, Virginia and the United States of America to go back to the beginnings of our liberty "to know where we came from." To illustrate again the importance of knowledge of the past, there is in Washington, D.C., incised in stone at the National Archives, "The Past is Prologue." We stand at the beginning of the Bicentennial of the United States of America. How much do we know of the beginnings of Augusta County and conditions as they were in 1775 and the war years of the American Revolution? What did the people of Augusta County contribute?

In 1738, when Augusta and Frederick counties were created from Orange County, the bounds of Augusta were far-flung. I like to say that it was the largest county in the history of the modern world. It included all of southwest Virginia, Kentucky, West Virginia, and what was the Northwest Territory. Although we are aware that the Scotch-Irish were predominant in settling the county, even in 1738, there were also Pennsylvania-Germans and Dutch, so that very early we can be said to have been a melting pot of ethnic groups. All were men of strength and courage come to new land distant from centers of population. From 1738 to 1765, there was a continued increase in the numbers of settlers. It is important to remember that this area was settled by people coming from the north — Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland. Few, indeed, were the English from over the Blue Ridge.

Until 1780 when the Augusta Parish was dissolved, the Vestry was a very important part of colonial government — it was the overseer of certain phases of civil affairs as well as the religious life of the county. Here in Augusta County, the vestry was made up of Presbyterians — "Dissenters seeking a peaceful abode where they could live unmolested by landlord, church prelate, or tyrannical government." Through petition by the

Synod to Governor Gooch, these Dissenters were allowed to worship God according to the tenets of their own faith.

During the years to 1765, the people also experienced the struggle for domination of the back country and the vast frontier area by England and France — suffering attacks on civilian population as well as contributing manpower to the struggle. It was during the years, 1765-1775 that the first changes in the size of Augusta County occurred — there were rapid creations of new counties until 1778. The year 1770 saw the county of Botetourt come into being, taking over the former vast expanse of territory that was Augusta. In 1772, Botetourt was shorn of part of its size with the creation of Fincastle County, a county that went out of existence in 1776, with the creation of Montgomery, Washington and Kentucky counties. Also in 1776, was created from Botetourt, the county of Greenbrier. 1778 saw Augusta lose more territory with the creation of Rockingham on the north and Rockbridge on the south. I might add that even today, Augusta County is the 2nd largest county in the Commonwealth of Virginia, exceeded only by Pittsylvania in size. The creation of counties is indicative of the increase of population in the area. It should be remembered that the men who headed the county governments of all these counties, were in many instances, former leaders of the parent county: Augusta.

Until 1765 and the Stamp Act Crisis, the mother country was supported — the decade following the Stamp Act saw the colonies moving closer to a breach with England. John Adams called those ten years "The Real American Revolution" in the minds and hearts of the people which led to our independence. In all the records studied on the area we call the Great Valley, the word that stands out in the expressions of these people of Augusta and the rest of the valley is *Liberty*. In the fall of 1774, and the early part of 1775, after the First Continental Congress met, the people of the counties and towns of all the colonies met to discuss *Resolutions* and to express their feelings. Among those groups was one from Augusta County. It was in February 1775 that the freeholders met here in Staunton to elect delegates to the Virginia Convention to be held in March 1775 — the next month — in Richmond. February 22, 1775 was the date of the election of Thomas Lewis and Captain Samuel McDowell as delegates to the convention. You will recall that it was in St. John's Church that Patrick Henry stunned and thrilled his listeners with the words "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death," after his plea for

immediate defense plans. Thomas Lewis was a brother of Colonel Andrew Lewis, commander at Point Pleasant, and a son of John Lewis, considered the earliest settler of Augusta County. Captain Samuel McDowell, from the area of Augusta County now Rock-bridge County, was at that time a member of the House of Burgesses from Augusta County. A committee composed of the Rev. Alexander Balmaine, Sampson, Matthews, Captain Alexander McClenachan, Michael Bowyer, William Lewis and Captain George Mathews drew up the instructions from the people of Augusta to their delegates to the Convention.

These instructions are found in the Augusta Historical Bulletin, published in the Spring of 1974, in an article by William H. B. Thomas and Dr. Howard M. Wilson, titled "Augusta County and the Real American Revolution." I think it important to know the expression of the people in 1775 of their feelings with regard to the mother country. Remember the courage it took to state how they felt. These were not so called "hot-heads" — these were men who were rational, but strong in their feelings regarding the liberty of men.

The committee's instructions to Thomas Lewis and Captain Samuel McDowell were, in part:

To Mr. THOMAS LEWIS and Capt. SAMUEL McDOWELL:

The Committee of Augusta County, pursuant to the trust reposed in them by the Freeholders of the same, have chosen you to represent them in a Colony Convention; proposed to be held in Richmond, on the 20th of March, instant. They desire that you may consider the people of Augusta County as impressed with just sentiments of loyalty and allegiance to his Majesty King George, whose title to the Imperial Crown of Great Britain rests on no other foundation than the liberty, and whose glory is inseparable from the happiness of all his subjects. We have also a respect for the parent state, which respect is founded on religion, on law, and the genuine principles of the Constitution. On these principles do we earnestly desire to see harmony and a good understanding restored between Great Britain and America. Many of us and our forefathers left their native land, and explored this once savage wilderness, to enjoy the free exercise of the rights of conscience and of human nature. These rights we are fully resolved, with our lives and fortunes, inviolably to preserve; nor will we surrender such inestimable blessings, the purchase of toil and danger, to any Ministry, to any Parliament, or any body of men upon earth, by whom we are not represented, and in whose decisions, therefore, we have no voice.

From these statements, the evidence is clear that the citizens of Augusta were firm in the resolve to protect these rights with their lives and fortunes. So, in February 1775, these freeholders

— men who owned 25 acres improved by a house and planting, one hundred acres of unoccupied land, or a house and lot in a town — men considered to be responsible and concerned with good and proper government — spoke their piece, hoping for redress of their grievances, but willing to sacrifice their lives and fortunes were that not forthcoming.

It is interesting to note that the news of the Declaration of Independence travelled swiftly — even to the frontiers. In Order Book 16 of Augusta County, you find page 110 has the records of the first court by authority of the Commonwealth on July 16, 1776 — only 12 days after the events in Philadelphia. On that date, the record shows that Samuel McDowell and Sampson Mathews administered oaths as commissioners to Archibald Alexander, who administered the oath to Samuel McDowell, Sampson Mathews and Michael Bowyer. John Christian qualified as sheriff, Richard Madison as Deputy Clerk, Michael Bowyer as a justice. By August 1776, more men had qualified as officers of the county — John Madison as clerk, Thomas Hughart, Daniel Smith and John Poage as justices, as did George Moffett, Elijah McClenachan, Felix Gilbert and Alexander McClenachan. These county commissions, or committees, which took over the functions of local government when the royal administration broke down, were also the county court justices. They have been called "the beginning of truly American self-government in an independent America." They took the oath to serve the Commonwealth of Virginia in the same capacity as they had when they swore allegiance to the Crown. The qualifications remained the same: "Men of Substance and Ability of Body and Estate; of the best reputation, good Governance, and Courage for the Truth; Men fearing God . . . Lovers of Justice. . . ." In Augusta County, Sampson Mathews, Alexander McClenachan, George Moffett, and William Bowyer held accustomed seats on the Augusta bench. Their duties continued the same: hearing civil suits, trying criminal causes, recording deeds, proving wills, levying local taxes, establishing and maintaining roads, bridges and ferries, and many others. The county court was the reality of government to back-country people. During the Revolution the responsibilities of the county government ranged from law and order to problems and demands caused by the war itself. The families of men in service were to be taken care of — wives, children, and aged parents of poor soldiers, and allotments for widows of soldiers killed in course of duty. Compensation was allowed to those who were wounded and unable to support themselves through their

labors — the problems dealing with providing substitutes in the militia, deserters (only 13 came from frontier counties), stealing, the matter of inoculation against smallpox when it was raging in Augusta County (March 5, 1777, the court set up rules of inoculation within 3 miles of each case known), distribution of salt — this was of greatest importance — which was needed to cure and preserve beef and pork. There was a great shortage that caused hoarding, and with that, rising prices — in 1776 the price of salt was 6 times that of 1774. "In December 1775, when a supply of salt was captured, the Virginia Convention sent it to county committees to be distributed to those in great want. Augusta received the second greatest amount — which was sold at high price to people who had to swear as to quantity they already had." By 1776, the county court supervised the distribution after receiving their supply from state appointed district agents. Also a problem to contend with by the Augusta County Court was inflation, as well as a mounting tax burden. You will find in the order books in later years of the war where citizens refused to give an account of or swear to their taxable property.

The people of Augusta not only sent off men to fight; they gave to the struggle for liberty much else as well. They furnished provisions, supplies, equipment, and wearing apparel — then, as now, people were people — some gave cheerfully, some grudgingly, and others only when their property was impressed under the law.

Records exist in Augusta County of the supplies contributed to the war effort. The impressment law required that commissioners were to purchase at stipulated prices, or to seize specified items. Receipts were given for the goods acquired. Here in Augusta County, we have the record book, which has been restored by Colonel Thomas Hughart Chapter, DAR, of the Court of Claims, where receipts were presented for approval. For fascinating reading of what was contributed by the citizens of Augusta County, I recommend this book — thousands of pounds of beef, corn, wheat, oats, bacon — gallons of whiskey — hay, paper, leather products — horse hire, wagon hire for haulage, diets — that is, meals provided for soldiers — droving, cost of getting a horse shod, cost of getting a pair of shoes repaired — both at inflated prices!

In 1781, the amount collected for war prisoners and patriot troops in Staunton area was 10,000 pounds of flour, 5,100 pounds of bacon, 29,000 pounds of beef, 84,000 pounds of hay, 300 gallons of whiskey and much more. Another commodity furnished by

Augusta County was hemp — a major money crop before the war, it was needed not only for the making of linen generally but also for sail material for the Navy. In 1776, Sampson Mathews and Alexander Sinclair were appointed trustees to erect and operate a factory for sail duck at such place they thought proper.

Military affairs in the county were in command of the county lieutenant. Here in Augusta, men serving in that capacity during the Revolution were Sampson Mathews and George Moffett. The county lieutenant also had to consider claims for exemptions from military service. In 1775, exemption was made by the Virginia Convention of various officials of government, all clergymen and dissenting ministers, overseers, millers and those employed in iron works — also excluded were those with religious scruples — these were the Quakers and Mennonites — of these there were almost none in Augusta County proper — the Rockingham area had some and more were located in the lower valley. As you can imagine, there was much disagreement over the exemption by religious scruples.

We have said that Augusta County and the valley were considered the back country, but even so, two newspapers were read here — the Virginia Gazette and the Philadelphia paper. It was quite exciting last fall when preparing the minute books of Augusta County from 1764-1766 for restoration in Richmond, to find that 1766 (a paper bound book), was lined with the Philadelphia paper to stiffen the paper covers. I can assure you that the lining has also been restored, so that future generations can know that the back country kept up with the events occurring in the other colonies.

What I have presented here this morning is an attempt to give you a brief picture of Augusta County as it was in 1775.

George Washington wrote: "The western parts of Virginia, more especially above the Blue Mountains, in my opinion, will be considered, if not considered so already, as the garden of America, forasmuch as it lies between the two extremes of heat and cold, partaking in a degree of the advantages of both, without feeling much the inconveniences of either, and with truth, it may be said, is among the most fertile lands in America east of the Appalachian Mountains."

My sincere hope is that those of you who have not looked at a history of Augusta County for many years, will be inspired to go to the bookshelf to read what Waddell has to say of Augusta County in his *Annals of Augusta County*, and what Peyton has to say in his *History of Augusta County, Virginia*, as well as the

wealth of other books which have been written on Augusta. Bear in mind Carl Sandburg ". . . when a civilization perishes, one condition may always be found. They forgot where they came from. They lost sight of what brought them along. The hard beginnings were forgotten. . . . They became satisfied with themselves. Unity and common understanding there had been, enough to overcome rot and dissolution, enough to break through their obstacles, but the mockers came. And the deniers were heard. And vision and hope faded . . . men whose forefathers would go anywhere, holding nothing impossible in the genius of man, joined the mockers and deniers. They forgot where they came from. They lost sight of what brought them along."

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From Left: Senator Frank Nolen, Amber Anne Nolen, Jason Cameron Bishop, Ronald Bishop, Chairman of Augusta County Bicentennial Commission; M. Caldwell Butler, U. S. Representative, 6th District; C. Kenneth Landes, Chairman, Augusta County Board of Supervisors.

## THEN AND NOW: THE PRESERVATION OF OUR HERITAGE

By Raymond F. Pisney

Executive Director

Woodrow Wilson Birthplace Foundation, Inc.

Staunton, Virginia

Annual Spring Meeting

Augusta County Historical Society

Waynesboro, Virginia

Wednesday, May 14, 1975

The protection of our past, and present, historical and cultural heritage is rapidly becoming an important concern of the American people, and the concept and practice of preservation now has a written history of its own. During the course of this evolution, historic conservationists have experienced a major transformation in their basic tenets and programs. The dramatic change can best be illustrated by contrasting the previous concern for single buildings, in particular historic houses, with present activities which involve the protection of such diverse places as sea coasts, city spaces, and even farm lands. Since we are in the very middle of the observance of National Historic Preservation Week, III, it seems an appropriate time for us to review the work undertaken in the early days, and to consider what we are doing now to conserve the three-dimensional aspects of our patrimony.

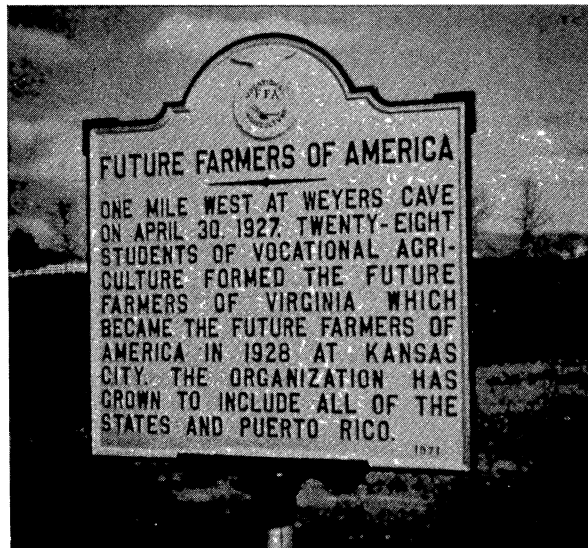
Historic preservation in the United States is a fairly recent activity; it began only one hundred and twenty-five years ago with the State of New York's acquisition, protection, and preservation of the Jonathan Hasbrouck House in Newburgh. The Hasbrouck House had served as General George Washington's headquarters during the Revolution. Before 1850 most of the significant aspects of our nation's historical and cultural patrimony were gathered together only in bits and pieces as artifacts in disparate collections of curios in a few museums. No historic buildings or structures had been completely protected and restored.

It remained for a South Carolina lady, Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, to organize the first totally successful preservation effort in the country. As the daughter of a fairly well-to-do planter near Rosemont, Miss Cunningham was a very active





Historians and conservationists are broadening their viewpoints to include all aspects of the man-built environment. Properties like this lone bridge in Augusta County are finally receiving their due.



Historical markers are useful in drawing public attention to significant historic places. The preservation-restoration of many a building was inaugurated with a marker placed on or near the property.

young girl, but in her teenage years, she was thrown from a horse and badly crippled. There were many efforts to cure her condition, and she was taken innumerable times to Philadelphia for consultation with doctors and for treatments which would hopefully ease her pain. During one of these journeys in 1853, from a steamer's deck on the Potomac, she saw Mount Vernon by moonlight. The scene should have been impressive, but Mount Vernon was in a horribly dilapidated condition. Right then and there she made a vow that the home of the Father of our Country would not continue to total ruin; she would personally organize an effort to save and preserve it.

Miss Cunningham enlisted a group of highly prominent ladies in some thirty states, and formed The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union. They then set out to gain national funding for the effort. Remember that this was a time in our nation's history when ladies just did not take an active role in such affairs outside the household, but Ann took the plunge anyway. By 1858, the ladies had raised several hundred thousand dollars to acquire Mount Vernon and they then began the process of research and restoration which has continued to this day.

Although the effort was fraught with many problems, the success of The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association in raising funds to acquire the property, its proficiency in forming an internal organization to supervise the restoration, and its acumen in the subsequent operation and maintenance of the place quickly came to serve as a model for projects in the rest of the country. But the preservation activity that resulted in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was extremely limited. It involved saving mostly historic houses associated with the great men of American history, and was usually successful only under the aegis of one very active and enlightened leader who could and did serve over a period of many, many years as the project's virtual sparkplug.

From "The Mount Vernon Experience" a time-tested formula emerged as a guide to historic preservation and, whether we admit it or not, it still directs much of our present work. First, an emergency situation arises in the community. Some developer, in the name of progress, is about to acquire a historically or culturally significant landmark and demolish it to make way for another planned use. Enlightened persons begin to think about the consequences of such a loss to the community. Individuals and groups in the town discuss the distressing situation before the realization sets in that some positive action will be required to save the place from the developers wrecking ball. A local as-



What are the developers doing in your city? The proper balance of Staunton's urban ecology could save it as an attractive and satisfying place to live in the decades to come.

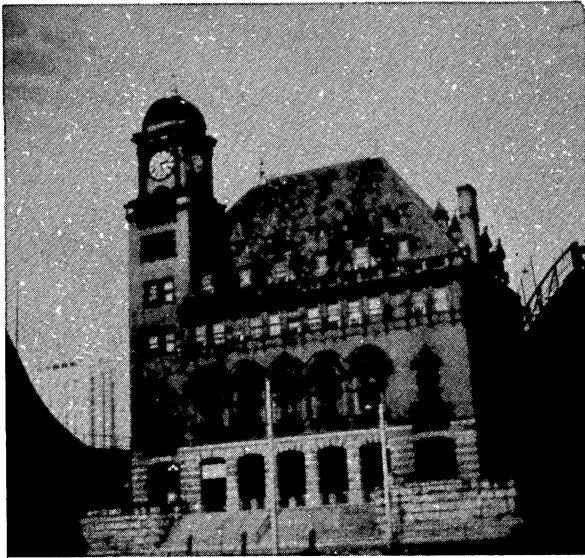


Historic conservationists must anticipate the trends of development in their own community. The wrecking of this house for a parking lot is just another step in destroying the entire period environment of Trinity Church in Staunton.

sociation or society, either picked from existing bodies, or more usually, specially formed for the specific project, then sets out to organize the fund raising work necessary for the acquisition and restoration of the property. The prolonged process of preservation and rehabilitation is invariably accompanied by considerable impatience and handwringing. Finally the exertions bear fruit and the great day arrives that has been anticipated for so long by all — dedication — with the usual complement of long-winded speeches and attendant hoopla.

For over ten decades, preservation folk followed this time honored pattern. Their efforts were unencumbered by professional master planning, they were heedless of the need for proper conservation supervised by a restoration architect, they demonstrated a lack of concern for continuing financial support, and they went ahead without giving thought to using and interpreting the historic place *after* dedication day. Certainly, the price of admission would support these things after the doors were opened to the visiting public; after all, it had worked so well for Mount Vernon! The pattern did influence the saving of Mr. Jefferson's beloved country seat, Monticello, which has also happened to be terribly successful at self-support and countless other historic houses which were not so successful. These were scattered from Texas to Lexington, and include even the Birthplace of President Woodrow Wilson which was dedicated some thirty-seven years ago.

Only after the exterior and interior architectural elements of a historic building or structure were restored did the sponsors begin to think about the interior spaces. They became fascinated with what the historic appearance may have been and began to re-create with furnishings the way it must have looked to the original occupants. Unfortunately, they tended to grab anything that seemed to be on hand at the moment! During the 1860's the ladies of Mount Vernon furnished General Washington's Great Banquet Hall, so that by the end of the decade it took on a typical Middle Victorian look. But, in defense of the first furnishings committee, we should note that additional research has been undertaken in historical records and the discovery of original and period furnishings and accessories have allowed a more appropriate presentation of the interior. To further illustrate, we should look into the present day General's Music Parlor contrasted with the same room "restored" with Victorian furnishings of 1870. Also, we might consider the Adamesque West Parlor — as it looked one hundred and five years ago, and now. Or, the



NOW YOU SEE IT! Richmond's Main Street Station demonstrates the strong influence of the French Ecole des Beaux Arts on American architecture.



NOW YOU DON'T! Developers are quickly estranging the landmark from an appropriate environmental setting. New elevated transportation links are covering it over forever.

Room and Bed refurnished by the committees of the 1860's to show where the General died on December 14, 1799, and the same room as it appears today.

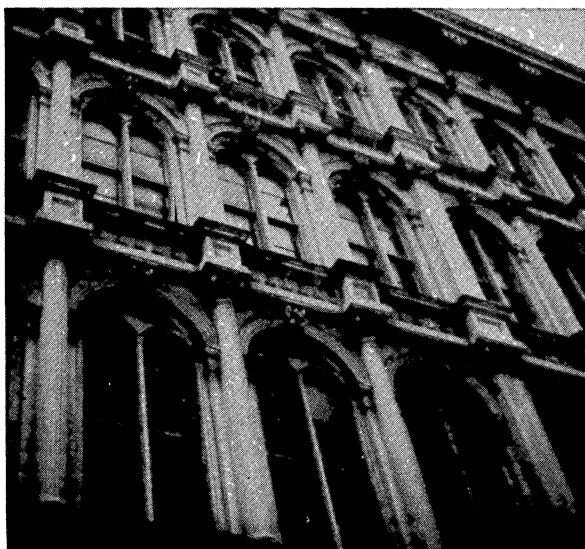
Although the major concern of preservation historians until the 1920's and early 1930's had been singular properties, during the following years people began to take a more detailed look at the neighborhoods they lived in. In places like Historic Charleston, South Carolina, individuals began to recognize groups of houses and commercial buildings as a uniquely invaluable collection which merited protection. While a single house or building on a particular block was not distinguished, a grouping of these was found to be highly significant. The practice of preserving historic districts was developed to provide protection by legal means and improvements in the areas were supervised by an architectural review board on behalf of all property owners. During the next several decades, the experience of Charleston was carried to other early urban core areas in the nation. It spread to Georgetown, D. C.; Providence, Rhode Island; Beacon Hill in Boston; Annapolis, Maryland; New Bern, North Carolina; The Old French Quarter — the Vieux Carre in New Orleans; Church Hill in Richmond, Virginia; and more recently to Larimer Square in Denver; to Pioneer Square in Seattle; and many others.

The concept of the historic district helped both residents and architectural historians realize that you cannot do something to one house or building without influencing those around it. If a facade is structurally altered from its original appearance, painted the wrong color, or demolished, the value of the entire area is irrevocably compromised.

During the last few years, the work of preservation has been further broadened to something called "environmental conservation." This involves removing the immense ugliness of our cities by rooting out overhanging signs, ridding core areas of the automobile for the increased enjoyment of living as well as visiting, and other similar activities necessary to return the urban scene to the human scale. The totality of a community's appearance and concern for its future development has now become an active cause celebre of historic conservationists.

As both historic houses and historic districts multiplied during the decades of the 1930's, 40's, 50's, and 60's, the traveling public's increased mobility enabled them to descend upon historic places in hordes. For instance, the visitation to Mount Vernon during this period increased from a couple of hundred thousand persons to more than one million and one-quarter annually.





The Stearns Building (c. 1865-1869) is a cast-iron, High Victorian Italianate row structure that exhibits considerably more interesting character and detail than the faceless glass boxes being built on the urban landscapes of today.



Historic conservation pays. Recycling the Stearns Block Building, 1007-1013 E. Main Street in Richmond, will cost \$21.00 per square foot. If the building were demolished and replaced, the expenditure would increase to \$58.00 psf for the same floor space.

Due to the influx of visitors, historians began to think in terms of accommodation — what could be done to make the visitor's stay meaningful? And, historical interpretation which involves the application of a series of techniques for communicating the story to a mass public was born. Preservation organizations started out by sending people on tours conducted by oral interpreters. This had the desired effect of conveying significant historical information that was not readily apparent to the uninformed eye of most guests.

Preservation people found that the public tour was not really enough, however, and they searched for more meaningful and involving experiences such as the demonstrations of early crafts and industry to keep alive a memory of the past and to show how the historic contrasted with the present. By opening old country stores, building historical farms, and developing outdoor museum villages, we, as preservationists, became involved in recreating the totality of the historical environment as a tool for teaching. A living history program with Mama out in the garden and the kiddies dressed in ragged clothes provided unmistakable links to the past. Opportunities for Daddy to be off at the same time chugging up and down the tracks with a steam railway engine, and for his son to be busily rigging a historic ship at Mystic or Newport have also enhanced an understanding of our heritage. And to further increase the interpretive experience of the many guests, costumed guides were used to help round out the background of the story.

On the inside, historic places added further dimension to their stories with films and audiovisual presentations, and those with biographical houses wrestled with a more adequate telling of the great man or woman's life and time through exhibits. For example, we at the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace in our exhibits tell the story of President Wilson's ancestry, his birth in Staunton, the experience of his boyhood, his contributions to the world of scholarship, a capsule of his Presidency, and a treatment of his legacy.

A heightened concern for covering the catholicity of our history caused historic conservationists in the 1950's to turn their attention to our nation's industrial and business heritage. They undertook to protect and even reconstruct nineteenth century factory complexes, including tanneries, gunpowder works, flour mills, and many others. While reconstructions were thought by some historians as proper to develop a deeper understanding of our history, however, there were many who were not so con-

vinced. Today, many preservationists feel it is appropriate to leave some properties as ruins permanently, and to use these as invaluable educational resources combined with other interpretive media.

Some of our preservation friends had earlier turned to historical markers as a way of appealing to a mass audience. Located away from the actual sites, markers were thought to be an ideal way to communicate history to the traveling public, and they could be coupled with pictographic exhibits located at the ruined site itself to show how the historic house or building may have appeared originally. Although historical markers were once thought to be the answer to problems of drawing public attention to historic places, historians eventually recognized that their advantages (uncomplicated, cheap, no personnel required) really did not outweigh their disadvantages (required maintenance, were inflexible, and defenseless against vandalism).

The next step seemed more promising, and that was to develop historical trails throughout localities, states, and even entire nations such as the "Burns Heritage Trail" in Scotland. Trails now seem the ideal pattern for drawing together disparate historical and cultural resources for public enjoyment. This does not mean that we should disparage historical markers entirely, they are at times an invaluable tool to the preservation effort. And, Virginia has recognized the value of roadside history by recently undertaking to place warning signs for all of its markers. Even commercial firms in the Commonwealth are attempting to draw attention to themselves and the properties which they have preserved. In cities, house markers such as those used on the houses along Benefit Street in Providence, Rhode Island, are used to recognize the efforts of the individual owner in preserving his property and the marker indicates publicly that this property has significance and is worthy of continued protection and preservation as part of our patrimony.

The prior discussion concerning the promotion of history after the physical remains have been preserved in the third dimension is not meant to demean the aesthetic considerations that are very current in preservation today. The love of architectural landmarks for their own sake is a current movement in some graduate schools. For over fifty years, historians have been involved in writing about the great architectural gems of our age, such as the Breakers at Newport. They have not been writing about the more pedestrian aspects of our heritage, however, and a lone iron bridge in Augusta County still has less appeal than the

history of a great row of Eighteenth-Century townhouses in Fredericksburg.

Historic conservationists are beginning to take note of the deficiencies in their techniques as well as in their historical knowledge. Consider a perfectly restored house which has received all the tender loving care that a historic place probably could. Both the owner and the historians, however, are now hiring lawyers wise in the ways of historic preservation law to design provisions that will protect the private property owner from encroaching commercialism by designating this area *forever* as a residential zone without exception. A young couple just starting out in the restoration of their first house would like some help in receiving an abatement on their property tax over a period of years equal to the cost of the investment required to save the house, instead of the greedy assessor's increased lien on their bank account! The owner on the right would like to have an anti-neglect ordinance enacted in his historic district — (in deference to the lax ministrations of his next door neighbor) — so his property will retain its economic as well as aesthetic value. And the residents of many neighborhoods are actively working for height restriction ordinances to insure that aberrations like the many glass box banks and office towers will not happen again in or near their historic area.

The profession is also actively spreading the word about the viability of recycling older buildings and adapting them for uses other than for which they were designed originally. To cite a few examples: an old church converted to the "Church Mouse Boutique" in Cooperstown, New York; the downtown post office building in Columbia, South Carolina, carefully refurbished for the South Carolina Supreme Court; the First Christian Church in Jackson, Mississippi, recycled to headquarter the Consolidated Life Insurance Company; the 1813 State Bank Building in Raleigh, North Carolina, with drive-in window concealed at the rear, returned to its original use as a bank after more than a century as a rectory for the nearby Episcopal Church; the Hubbell Mansion in Des Moines, Iowa, recently restored as the official residence for the Governor of the State; again in Cooperstown, the house on the right recycled as a jewelry store and the little one at the rear used as a real estate sales office; and a great mansion in Cooperstown and another in Columbia, South Carolina, both used by the undertaker! The residents in some urban areas such as San Francisco never abandoned their residential buildings — they simply continued to live in them

because it was and still is more convenient to do so. Recycling efforts there centered on the commercial in the successful Ghiradelli and Jackson Squares.

The possibility that the preservation of our heritage can assist in developing our future is another concept we might consider here. Historical surveys of our town help to identify what is significant and what requires action now and during the years ahead. When the wrecker has arrived on the scene it is too late even for the salvage of architectural elements, and it is likewise past time for a lot of "might have beens" and hand-wringing. Clearly, without the proper identification of significance, even the more important landmarks can slip away forever. The Chapel at Mary Baldwin College, where Reverend Joseph R. Wilson served as chaplain from 1855 to 1857, was demolished only as recently as 1962! Historians are learning that they have to get busy and evaluate the resources at hand and to anticipate the trends of development in their own community or it will easily become an area of highways, parking lots, tacky tacky bistros, faceless architecture, and wandering brigands of red-necks that even the police take care to steer clear of. Even when we have the capability of identifying our historical and cultural resources, however, it does not insure that they will be protected and preserved for enjoyment by future generations.

Even Europe, where the historical past is revered, has not escaped the process of development and attendant destruction. This year, 1975, has been designated as Architectural Heritage Year, and like us they have been considering their losses. In Great Britain, during the past century alone, nearly one-thousand of their great country houses have been destroyed — two hundred and fifty since 1945. While this figure may seem staggering to us, we should pause and reflect that over one-third of the nearly 14,000 buildings and structures which were listed in the Historic American Buildings Survey in the 1930's have now been destroyed. Constance M. Greiff in her two-volume work entitled *Lost America* graphically illustrates many of these losses.

In order to protect and increase the quality of life, people residing in rehabilitated neighborhoods are organizing associations to oversee the process of community protection and improvement. The King William Association in San Antonio, Texas, is a good example, and they bring strong political clout to bear in City Hall if an errant politician doesn't take an interest on their behalf. If the improved quality of life and environment is the ultimate objective, that includes attention to the amenities

as well, and conservationists are taking a larger role in assessing the appropriateness of new design either in or adjacent to the areas they are active in recycling.

The fashion for nostalgia has become another powerful force in the field of preservation, and it has made possible in part the adaptive revival of the warehouse district in Richmond. Sam Miller's Exchange Club is now a perfect restaurant of the late 1920's. Gatsby's and the Warehouse Restaurant are other good examples of this activity which is happily spreading through the neighborhood.

In rehabilitation the economics of historic preservation must not be discounted. The *Richmond Times-Dispatch* recently published an article which concerned the "Stearns Block," a row of 19th-century commercial buildings located on East Main Street in Richmond. If the buildings were demolished and replaced with a new structure, the cost would average out to about \$58.00 per square foot. To rehabilitate the present structure it would cost \$21.00 per square foot for the same amount of floor space. In other words, historic preservation not only saves, but it is economic progress as well!

Despite the encouraging news, we should note that the monsters of development are hard at work in Richmond as elsewhere. We can readily see the problems that have been created recently in height and scale with the new First & Merchants Bank Tower intruding in a neighborhood of the nineteenth and early twentieth century. The engines of progress are also quickly covering over other major landmarks such as the Main Street Station with accretions like these elevated highways and they will certainly never be removed during our lifetime.

Some cities have moved in the opposite direction of "tear it down" and "cover it over," and by taking giant steps back to the humanistic level. To Hades with the Automobile and hello to people! The next phases in Winchester, Virginia, quite naturally involve dealing with the problem of obtrusive overhanging signs and harmonizing the storefronts, but all that is readily possible now. We all expect our cities to look this way and, in fact, the 1954 Supreme Court defended our thinking when it stated that cities have a right to be beautiful.

Time is rapidly eroding our past. Even as we sit here a historic plantation house with its complement of dependencies, including a rare cotton press, is slowly deteriorating to dust. We have too often failed the past, and the quality of our own life has been the lesser for it.

The obvious reason for all of this preservation activity during the past one hundred and twenty-five years is that no amount of reading can ever supplant the vivid imagery and feeling of identity with the past which one contact with the actual site itself evokes. A visitor to any one of our historically and culturally significant places can enjoy history in all dimensions and look with increased understanding into our past. This is why conservationists have worked so hard to protect, preserve, and restore single properties, neighborhoods, and now the totality of our environment, for even one historic building conveys a momentary feeling of our entire Western Civilization. Some things are so special they have to be felt. Experienced.

## NORTH AUGUSTA STREET AS IT WAS

By William E. Eisenberg

### PART II

Returning to our home at the corner of Rose Street, we shall now proceed northward on the east side of Augusta.

Widow Butts owned the property extending from Rose to Tams Street. She lived alone in the red brick house built at the Tams Street end of the lot and facing that street. The south end of the lot was used for a garden. Attorney H. F. Scheele acquired the place about 1909. Mr. Scheele renovated the house extensively, as he intended to bring a new bride to it.

The first Mrs. Scheele had come from Pennsylvania to teach at the Staunton Female Seminary. She became acquainted with the bachelor pastor of the Lutheran congregation, Frank Shealy of South Carolina, and married him. They were the parents of a son named Quinby. Mrs. Shealy came from a prosperous family of weavers who had accumulated wealth at Martinsburg, West Virginia, before the Civil War. The family, it is said, did not approve of her marriage to a minister whose salary was too meager to permit her to maintain the lifestyle to which she had been accustomed. At any rate, the marriage ended in divorce. Mr. Shealy, an honorable man and upright, did not wish to bring scandal upon the church. The course he decided to take was as follows: he demitted the ministry; he took up the study of law at the University of Virginia; he left the area for St. Joseph, Missouri, to begin his practice; and he changed the spelling of his name from Shealy to Scheele, its European original. After a few years he returned to Staunton as an attorney. His son Quinby was reared by his mother and taught the art of design weaving in intricate patterns. He went to New York City to live, where he was employed by one of the city's museums to weave patterns of ancient Egyptian fabrics. "Cleopatra's Girdle" was an article that he duplicated. Quinby returned to Staunton on occasional visits to his father.

The second Mrs. Scheele came from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Staunton as a bride early in 1910. Mother and I first saw her as she walked north on Augusta Street while we were heading south to Dr. Glasgow Armstrong's office to have me vaccinated for school admission in the fall. By some feminine intuition my mother knew the stranger to be Mrs. Scheele, so she introduced

herself and me to her and engaged in a brief chat on the sidewalk in front of the Eskridge home. Since Mrs. Scheele was our next door neighbor, I was allowed to visit her frequently. She let me run her errands, those in particular to Livick's store, and she rewarded me each trip with a penny or two. I was also her guest at meals many times.

After a few years the Scheeles bought a home on Madison Street. Their new residence required renovation before they could move in. Since the Augusta Street property had been sold to the Rev. J. T. Maxwell, retired Methodist minister, they lived for a few months in the Hogsett residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell had grown children, seven daughters and one son. Miss May, single, had a school position somewhere out of Staunton. Nelson married Jesse Richards and lived elsewhere, as did Laura, who married Christian S. White. Pearl married John L. Goodloe and lived two houses to the north. Alvernon, unmarried, lived at home and was a primary school teacher in the local schools. She was my teacher in the 1-A, 1-B, and 2-A grades. Neale, unmarried, taught school in Philadelphia. Gladys married Howard M. McManaway. The only son, John Noble, took over Fairfax Hall at Waynesboro and ran it successfully until his death, when his wife continued its management.

We shall now make a small excursion eastward on Tams Street.

Adjoining the Scheele property was a second red brick home with back yard extending to Rose Alley. I can not say who owned the place, only that a Shelor family dwelled there. The Shelors came from Max Meadows in Wythe County, and Mr. Shelor was a Singer Sewing Machine agent. He drove a Brush Runabout automobile with an open compartment back of the front seat in which he carried a sewing machine for demonstration purposes. Ruth, Arnold, and Roy were the children of the family. The two brothers and I used to play a game which my companions avowed to be a hand-me-down from the Indians. A six-inch piece of broom handle was sharpened to a point at either end. Another three-foot piece was flattened at one end on opposite sides. When playing the game, a player held the long piece in both hands, and with the flattened end struck one of the points of the sharpened piece, causing it to bounce up into the air. Before the short piece fell to the ground again, the player must hit it with the broomstick in his hands and send it as far as possible. The piece hit farthest won.

Mrs. Shelor asked me one day how many shirts I wore in a week. I am sure I had never given consideration to the question before. My glib answer was "three." "That can't be the right number," was her reply, "the shirt you have on now is the third one I've seen on you today."

Next to the Shelors in the third brick house on the street lived the James Landes family. Mr. Landes was a brother of John and helped him at the produce market. A third brother, Homer, ran a livery stable opposite the firehouse on Central Avenue. Homer lived on the south side of Churchville Avenue in the square between Augusta and Central. Florence, a maiden sister, lived on Reservoir Hill. Mrs. Jim Landes was a Crum from Churchville. She and her husband had three children: Elberon, Willard, and Florence. Willard was ahead of me in school, but he was in my class at Sunday School. He also attended a second religious class for boys on Sunday afternoons, held in the old Y. M. C. A. building under the town clock, and with exemplary missionary zeal he sought to have me accompany him. My parents, however, put a foot down on that.

Willard Landes was my guide to school on my very first day. Having performed his duty in leading me through all the back alley short cuts to the Beverley Street school, he parked me in the school yard. I did not know the location of my first grade room, and I did not have the gumption to ask. I was left high and dry on the playground when other pupils departed to their classrooms. Soon some merciful teacher rescued me and showed me where to go.

The Landeses had a stable along Rose Alley for a cow, which from spring to fall Willard had to drive to pasture morning and evening. The pasture field was located opposite the Mary Baldwin golf links. Sometimes I served as assistant cowhand, accompanying Willard on his double roundtrips. The Landeses moved after a few years to a farm on the Shutterlee Mill road, and after a few more years, to a place beyond Montgomery Hall. A Hackman family with numerous children, of whom Turner and Ella Frances are the only names I remember, were the next to occupy this Tams Street house.

The Shelor family, likewise, did not tarry long in the place where they resided. M. H. Hamilton purchased the property and lived in it with his wife and daughter Mary. Mr. Hamilton was an excellent carpenter, mechanic, gardener, beekeeper, yardman, and whatnot. As time went along, he evolutionized the stable on his place into apartments for human habitation.

The frame house east of the Landes' residence was erected during the Landes' stay on Tams Street. I know I walked the joists before the floors were laid when construction was going on. Beyond it was the home of a colored family named Beck. Mr. Beck was principal of one of the Negro schools. His son Godfrey carried out groceries for Livick's store. It was Godfrey who procured the blue spruce Christmas tree from the Grasty yard.

The house at the north corner of Augusta and Tams was occupied by the Kavanaugh family. A death occurred there one night and I was the first of our family to learn the fact, when, on being sent to Livick's store I noticed the long, black streamers of a crepe rosette hanging to the front door to notify outsiders of the bereavement within. I returned home feeling very important; and although I was quite inadequate for such a newsworthy reportorial assignment, I proudly announced, "I know somebody has died at the Kavanaugh's, because I saw the hearse hanging to the front door."

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Moran and young daughter, Margaret Meredith Hillenbrand, were the next to dwell in this home. Bordering this property to the east was located the cement products plant of Walter Johnson.

North of the Moran place was the John Lewis Goodloe home. There were six boys in the family: John Lewis, Jr., Noble Maxwell, William Benton, Nelson Gibson, Breckenridge Catlett, and Neale Spottswood. Their yard never had a blade of grass in it. One Christmas Mr. Goodloe entertained his boys shooting off high-powered cannon crackers. One he thought he had ignited failed to explode immediately. He picked it up—and was minus an eye in a twinkling. Once the roof of the house caught fire from faulty electric wiring in the attic. Firemen quickly extinguished the flames with chemical liquids and little damage resulted. The thing that I shall never forget was the disappointment of the Goodloe boys. They wanted a bigger and better show. They discouraged the firemen in their effort to put out the blaze promptly. "Let her burn" was their cry. Mr. Goodloe came from the Afton community on the Blue Ridge and always kept on hand a supply of Albemarle pippins. In business he was associated with the Worthington Hardware Company.

In the first of the two houses beyond the Goodloes lived Mrs. Elliot, a widow, and her brother, a Mr. Hoover; and in the second, on the corner of Purviance Street, resided the McAleers. Mr. McAleer was a postman.

Mrs. Wright, a seamstress, who fell heir to Mrs. Hogsett's trade, lived on the north corner of Purviance. Her daughter Sadie married a Mr. Harper, and they and their children lived with her. Mr. Harper had a younger brother, Herman, who lived in another part of town, and who was in my class at school.

The Hemp family lived next to Mrs. Wright. Mr. Hemp was a fine carpenter and cabinet maker, on whom my mother often relied for needed work. He was succeeded at our home in his helpful capacities by Mr. Hamilton of Tams Street. In the Hemp household was a daughter, Miss Ada, who clerked in one of the downtown stores. It was to this house that the Roger L. Souder family came when they moved from Baltimore to Staunton. Mr. Souder operated a women's apparel store on East Beverley Street. His father was a brother of my mother's mother.

On the corner of Augusta and Dover Streets was the home of George Kennard, his wife, and daughter Lucy. For a number of years Mr. Kennard was associated with H. L. Lang and Company. He then went into business for himself. Mrs. Kennard was an Earman from Rockingham County.

From Dover Street to Edgewood Avenue, then known as Ast's Lane, there was nothing but a vacant field, a part of the Grasty property. In fact, as one went east from Augusta to Coalter, the entire south side of the lane was bordered with vacant fields. The Abe Weinberg residence on Augusta Street, built in 1916, was the first home erected in this tract. Here lived Mr. and Mrs. Weinberg, their three sons, Irving, Sol, and Herman, their daughter Frieda, and Mr. Weinberg's brother Sam. Mr. Weinberg and his brother-in-law, Joseph L. Barth, operated the Barth-Weinberg store on South Augusta.

One late-summer day when World War I was still in progress, Lucy Kennard decided to do her bit for the Red Cross. With Frieda Weinberg and Virginia Bell, who lived across the street, as helpers, they improvised a fruit stand in the Kennard yard and offered fruit for sale, especially grapes from the Kennard vines. The girls donned white headaddresses with red crosses on them and soon were ready for business. They impressed Herman Weinberg into their scheme and had him stand out in the middle of the street with a large American flag to wave down passing automobiles. Herman proved a success. Two autos travelling together with six men in them pulled up at the curb. Three men were orientals, apparently Japanese. The other three were older gentlemen of American breed, who, after surveying the fruit and the enterprise in general, each ordered a plate of grapes, for which



each paid a dollar a plate, to the wide-eyed astonishment and delight of the salesladies. The latter sensed something out of the ordinary about their customers. And needless to say how thrilled they were when they came to find out that they had served Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone, and Thomas Edison, and their valets.

At the north corner of Augusta and Edgewood, Albert Schultz built his home. He operated the Beverley Manufacturing Company, maker of various kinds of felt goods. His son Sidney was a classmate during grade school years. He transferred to S. M. A., and went on to the University of Virginia. Sidney's mother, the first Mrs. Schultz, was a daughter of Joseph L. Barth. She died when Sidney was a small boy. The second Mrs. Schultz was a lady from New Orleans, who also bore a son. Mr. Schultz was a citizen of great usefulness and a person of outgoing sympathy in regard to the needs of his fellowman.

Continuing east on Edgewood's north side were the homes of Dr. George Sprinkle, Judge Julian M. Quarles, Walter Hoge, and Joseph P. Ast. In the Sprinkle family were four or five children, of whom Jean and Polly were two of the oldest. Upon the removal of the Sprinkles from their home, the Russell Cover family moved in. Judge and Mrs. Quarles were the parents of Mary Nelson, Cornelia, and Julian, Jr. Cornelia and my youngest sister Dorothy were friends. When the sledding was good, I sometimes took them sleigh riding. Mrs. Walter Hoge was an Ast before her marriage. She and Mr. Hoge had one daughter, Lillian. Joseph Ast's home was at the corner of Edgewood and Coalter. He operated the hardware business at the southwest corner of Beverley and Central Avenue.

North of the Albert Schultz property was the Joseph L. Loewner home. Mr. and Mrs. Loewner ran a delicatessen store downtown. The excellent homemade pickled herring obtained at their store was one of my father's favorite dishes. A daughter and a son, Henrietta and Sam, completed this family. Sam became associated with the H. L. Lang company.

Beyond the Loewner home was that of Dr. and Mrs. Alsop Hume Sprinkle. Dr. Sprinkle, his brother George, and a third brother Wilmer, all were dentists. Dr. Hume looked after the collective teeth of our family. He and Mrs. Sprinkle had no children.

Beyond the Hume Sprinkles, Mrs. Henderson Bell built Chilton Hall, a red brick residence of goodly proportions. The Carlton family followed in the ownership of this property. Some

years later a street was laid out between Chilton Hall and the Sprinkle home.

The Brockway property lay north of Chilton Hall. Here Warren Brockway, only son, lived with his parents. Warren was my senior by sufficient years to form a generation gap. I went with my mother, once upon a time, to call on Mrs. Brockway.

No houses, only open fields, stretched from the Brockway place to that of Professor Sheppe, whose home on the east side of the Pike was a short distance beyond the John Landes house. A former teacher, Prof. Sheppe was the father of Naomi, who attended Mary Baldwin; Edwin, who finished Lee High in 1919, went on to Randolph-Macon College, became a Methodist minister, and served his church with distinction; and Arthur, several years my junior, whose service in the U. S. Army was of long duration. Open fields extended from the Sheppe home to the House of Israel cemetery and beyond.

In the cowpasture fields between the Brockways and Sheppes, new houses soon came to be built. One of the first was the home of Dr. Topping, whose wife was a Miss Sybil Johnson from Mt. Sidney.

About the time every family was acquiring its first automobile, Father decided to buy our first horse. The horse was a young black animal and had been recommended for gentleness. Hogsett's stable was available for use, and that is where we kept it. Father entrusted its daily care into my custody.

A few weeks later Uncle Mort paid us a visit. It was a balmy day, and Mother suggested that I take him for a drive. I hitched up; Uncle Mort, in shirtsleeves, got into the buckboard; and heading north, we started off. At the end of the car line something frightened the animal. He snorted, wheeled suddenly around nearly upsetting the vehicle, and started in a gallop back down the street. Sensing a runaway, frightened Uncle Mort jumped out unhurt, but I continued to cling to the reins. When we got to the entrance to Hogsett's Alley the beast turned in, and it was wholly by good fortune that the fence corners on either side were missed, since I had no control over my steed. Without a collision we arrived at the stable door and stopped. Uncle Mort's account of this adventure resulted in Father's getting rid of the horse.

Our second horse was named Fred. He was purchased from Edwin R. Edmondson and must have been twenty years old, if a day, when we got him. He was gentle to the point beyond that of over exertion. He could not have run away if he had wanted

to. Father drove him many times to Seawright Spring, and also to Buffalo Gap, where he had invested in a mountain tract. Again it fell to my lot to take care of our horse. In spring and fall I took him to pasture in a field on Virginia Avenue behind the Bagby residence. In summer Fred went along to Seawright with the family. In winter I fed and watered and curried him each day in Hogsett's stable.

The only part of this job that irked me was hauling the manure from the stable to our garden in a wheelbarrow. This was done on Saturday morning, and usually I had to make four or five round trips. There was no way to avoid that stretch of Augusta Street between Hogsett's Alley and Rose Alley. Invariably, it seemed to me, I encountered friends whose calculated remarks were funny to everyone but me; and if a bevy of Mary Baldwin girls, perchance, should happen by, my embarrassment was excruciating and unfeigned. Time, thank goodness, put an end to all that.

Our part of North Augusta Street was but two squares removed from Sunnyside, which was the western boundary of Staunton Military Academy's athletic field and parade ground. That field, originally, was relatively small, surrounded by a high board fence. Not until the school acquired the lands of the Skinner estate did its athletic field include the whole area between Sunnyside and Prospect Streets. When athletic contests were being played, gun-toting cadets patrolled the ramparts. It was customary for the school song to be played at the official start of each game, at which time patrolling cadets had to stand at attention. This was the accepted signal for town boys, who considered it a breach of honor to pay admission to a game, to scramble over the fence or badger their way under it, and then hide themselves among the spectators before the playing of the song was ended. I once took Ralph and Bill Koiner to a Thanksgiving Day football game and, for respectability's sake, was obliged to enter by the main gate and pay full admission. But that was only once.

And what shall I say more than to sum it up in these brief words: The North Augusta Street neighborhood was wholesome for living, and it was a good time to be a boy.

## HISTORY OF CIVIL WAR HERETO UNRECORDED

By Brownie Williams Henkel

You may be interested in this account of the first encounter with the Northern Army on Pennsylvania soil.

It was written by my mother's father, George W. Wilson, Company C (or 2) — (the letter is not too clear), 14th Virginia Cavalry, Jenkins Brigade. When Grandfather, his brothers James and John enlisted, the Wilson family were living at Churchville, Virginia. My grandfather had 4 horses killed under him, but was never wounded. His brother, James, was killed the last day of the war, and the brother, John, was wounded during the 4 years of service. After George W. Wilson returned from the war, he married a girl from Brownsburg. They moved to the Old Providence Church area near Spottswood, Virginia. He is buried in the Wilson plot in the Old Providence Cemetery beside his wife and two daughters. His older daughter, Mrs. S. F. Williams of Greenville, and her husband (my parents) are in a near by plot. The grandson of one of my Grandfather Wilson's brothers, was Guy Wilson, the owner of Wilson Trucking in Waynesboro. Since Guy's death, his son, Charles, is president of the company. Also a sister's granddaughter is Miss Avice Roane, who for 35 years was a supervisor with the Augusta County school system. My mother had the account typed for our son, Harold Dean Henkel, who for the last 20 years has been a member of the Staunton National Guard. My father was the youngest son of Col. H. J. Williams of Greenville who entered Confederate service as captain of Company D., 5th Virginia Cavalry.

At that time, he and his wife, the former Mary Ann Miller and their three children were living near Middlebrook, Virginia. In 1862, he was made major and the following year, lieutenant-colonel. In 1864, he became a colonel. He was wounded severely at Bull Run, Winchester, and was peramently disabled at Cedar Creek. He was elected for one term to the Virginia legislature in Richmond. He was a member of Bethel Presbyterian Church, but is buried beside his first wife, Mary Ann Miller, at Mount Tabor near Middlebrook. Two grandsons are James E. Williams, Jr., of Greenville, and Dr. H. Joseph Williams, of Staunton. We eagerly look forward to all the bulletins as we both love history. I was a 4th grade teacher for 10 years at Greenville Elementary School before my marriage to Harold K. Henkel in 1935.



"The statement that Archer's Brigade brought on the fight at Gettysburg, induces me to tell of this Company that shed the first blood on Pennsylvania soil.

It was the winter of 1862 and 1863, the 14th Virginia Regiment was formed at Salem, Va., and assigned to Albert C. Jenkins Brigade of Calvary, May 1863. We were camped at Tinkling Spring Church in Augusta County, six miles from Staunton, and drilled every day while there. We were inspected by Chief inspector, CSA, who pronounced the 14th Virginia Regiment the second best mounted men in the service. The 14th was made up of seven companies down this Valley. Two companies from Greenbrier County, now West Virginia, and one Company from Charlotte County, Virginia, and numbered about 1100 men. The Brigades consisted of the 14th, 16th and 17th Regiment and Wilcher's and Sweeny's Battalion. In June the Brigade moved down the Valley from Staunton, going in front of Gen. Lee's Army and had several fights with Federal Calvary before we came to the Potomac River.

We led the way to Greencastle, Penn., and went into camp north of that village on the right of Harrisburg Pike. On the following morning, a portion of our company (twenty or thirty men) was detailed to go toward Harrisburg with orders if we found the Federal Calvary to "toll them in." After going three or four miles, we went up a hill. Just as we got to the top, we ran into a company of soldiers hunting for us. We obeyed orders strictly by drawing them in. The Brigade was not ready for such guests so early in the morning. Some of the men in camp were cooking their breakfast. Some were still asleep, while their horses were still out in the clover field. We fell back in good order four abreast. When we got in sight of the brigade, the Captain saw what the result would be if he let us run into camp shouting and yelling, so just as we neared the Camp, the Captain ordered us to dismount and to get over the fence and let our horses run into camp. Besides our pistols and sabers, each man carried a short Enfield rifle. There was a post and rail fence on either side of the road at this point, and in their charge the enemy rode right up to the fence and attempted to cut us over our heads with their sabers. We put eleven balls through one man. We also shot his horse. The animal jumped the fence before the mortally wounded calvaryman fell off. The scheme worked fine. Every time we would shoot a man, a horse would go down. A big fellow chased right up to us, riding a magnificent big horse. We put four balls through the man. The horse was also shot. We buried the man with his

horse. We recaptured a prisoner that we had taken a few days before and had gotten away from us. He was shot in the hand and our surgeon amputated it. There were many wounded and crippled men and dead horses. Their bugle sounded a retreat which they gladly obeyed after we finished with them. Those who could go were seen out of sight. Gen. Jenkins formed his men that were on foot, and asked Col. Cochran about the men who had put up such a good fight. He was told it was the Churchville Company of Augusta Co. Virginia, and one of the finest companies that had gone to the Front. Not one of us got a scratch in this encounter.

Several years after there was a reunion at Gettysburg. Our Capt. Jas. A. Wilson met the Capt. commanding the Federal Co. who said he had always wanted to meet the men who had cut his company to pieces. The Federal Govt. has erected a monument at that place to show where the first blood was shed, on Pennsylvania soil. The monument is inscribed as follows:

TO THE MEMORY OF  
CORPORAL WILLIAM H. RIHL  
COMPANY G.N.Y.  
LINCOLN CALVARY  
KILLED ON THIS SPOT JUNE 22, 1863  
ERECTED BY  
C.A.R.  
OF GREENCASTLE,  
JUNE 22, 1887

IN THE WAR RECORDS, VOL xxvi, part 1 and 11, this affair is mentioned with the statement that there was no circumstantial report on file.

Gen. Jenkins was wounded in the first fight at Gettysburg, near a college, and was never with us again. We were transferred to Beale's Brigade, Wm. H. F. Lee's division. Our regiment the 14th made the 1st charge that was made at Appomatox, capturing a gunner and two guns. Our flag Bearer, James A. Wilson was killed that morning, after going through all the war. We were told that Lee had surrendered: We were not surrounded, and that our horses would probably be taken. We did not think there were any of the enemies between us and our homes. Capt. E. E. Bouldin, our Commander, who was in command of our Regiment, being the senior Capt. in our Regiment, and the Regimental commander having been killed the Company was brought home by Capt. H. H. Hanger.



Fifteenth of a Series  
of  
**OLD HOMES OF AUGUSTA COUNTY**

"Mt. Pleasant"  
The Home of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Ware

Gladys B. Clem

On a high knoll, overlooking Middle River, on the Franks Mill road (Rt. 732) just south of Springhill, stands the old limestone dwelling known as "Mt. Pleasant."

Built by Colonel George Moffett, sometime prior to the French and Indian war, it is presently owned by Mr. and Mrs. George M. Ware. Although it is one of Augusta County's oldest homes, it is not for this fact alone but for the role it played in Revolutionary history, when for a brief period Staunton was Virginia's Capital, it is best known. The incident is commemorated by the marker, erected by the Col. Thomas Hughart Chapter of the D.A.R., on an outside wall. It tells its own story and reads:

"Mt. Pleasant  
June 11, 1781

Fleeing From the Advance of Tarlton  
Members of the Virginia General Assembly  
Took Refuge in This House. The Home of  
Col. George Moffett"

Strong enough to withstand a siege by the British or hold off an Indian attack, its fortress-like 24 inch walls have had an additional coating of cement sometime in the distant past.

The front entrance door, deeply recessed and crusade in design with plain overhead fanlight, has matching panels on either side. Said to be original, the upper door panels have been replaced with glass to lighten the interior. It opens into the larger of the three downstairs rooms where the stairway is located. There are eight rooms, with port holes lighting the large attic. The full basement, with its huge fireplace, bespeaks of the days when the family life centered about its welcome warmth. One can easily visualize the pot of boiling stew, swinging on its crane, while the bread baked in the dutch oven in the ashes below.

The six inch wide flooring is uniform in its width. The small window panes, ordered from England, it is said, are marked by

their wavy and shimmering lustre. Only a few have had to be replaced. The joiner, employed by the Colonel, constructed the window frames with such precise skill they have never had to be renewed.

However, it is known for its historical significance rather than its preservation, since that June day of 1781 when word came that Col. Tarlton was on his way to Staunton, hoping to capture Virginia's Assembly then meeting in the Parish Church (Trinity Episcopal).

This area had experienced little of the hostilities of war other than seeing boys of Augusta's militia march away to service and the oft-times wounded returning. Then overnight the town was thrown into a high pitch of excitement.

The General Assembly, convening in Richmond, but threatened by Cornwallis's nearness, had adjourned to meet in Charlottesville with Governor Thomas Jefferson at Monticello. Hoping to capture Virginia's entire government at one time, Cornwallis sent Col. Banastre Tarlton to effect the capture. A young farmer, Capt. Jack Jouett, recognizing the red uniforms of the British dragoons searching through the woods near Louisa Courthouse, rode all night to warn the legislators of their danger.

They planned to cross the mountains and meet in the Augusta Parish Church in Staunton. But several were not quick enough and were captured.

By twos and threes they rode into town. The several inns and ordinaries were soon crowded to their capacity, but with traditional hospitality many were entertained by friends in their homes.

Feeling secure behind the forested wilderness of the Blue Ridge, they settled down to official business, which included the election of a new governor. But first, extra chairs and tables had to be borrowed from the neighbors to accommodate the members. (The chair in the west chancel of the church is said to have been loaned by the Harouf family. In later years it was presented to Trinity Church by Mr. O. E. Smith.)

On June 10th the Assemblymen stampeded again. Word came that Tarlton was pursuing them across the Blue Ridge! They hastily adjourned to meet a few days later at Warm Springs.

Word was received late in the evening. Each man grabbed his most important papers, while his personal belongings were stuck into a portmanteau or handy saddle bags. By dancing lantern light grooms hurriedly saddled horses and delivered them to their owners.

They went in all directions. Mostly reared in the Tidewater area, many were unaccustomed to hill and mountain travel. Some went towards Lexington. Others made it to Warm Springs. Patrick Henry, with other companions, went to the home of his friend, Col. Moffett at Mt. Pleasant. Gossips of the day repeated the tale that he had left so hurriedly that he lost one of his boots. Whether it was a politician's induced maneuver or a tale introduced by early historians, it nevertheless has persisted through the years.

After their night's ride, the visiting legislators were ready to do justice to the hot breakfast served them by their hostess.

In a few days Tarlton relinquished his chase and the scattered Assemblymen returned to Staunton to complete their official business. One of the actions accomplished was the awarding of two pistols and a sword to the heroic Jack Jouett for his timely warning.

For years the townspeople talked and recounted the stirring events of those June days, when some of the great and most important men of the time walked along the familiar streets. In fact it never has been forgotten that for a brief period Staunton was the Capital of Virginia.

A bronze tablet commemorating the meeting of the General Assembly in Trinity Church (Augusta Parish Church) in 1781, with the names of the members thereon, has been placed in the church yard by the Beverley Manor Chapter of the D.A.R. It is a constant reminder lest we forget this important happening nearly two hundred years ago.

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